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THE DICE.

*From the German.**

The prisoners assented by squeezing his hand, embraced each other, and received the sacrament in the best disposition of mind. After this ceremony they breakfasted together, in as resigned, nay, almost in as joyous a mood as if the gloomy and bloody morning which lay before them were ushering in some gladsome festival.

When, however, the procession was marshalled from the outer gate, and their beloved friends were admitted to utter their last farewells, then again the sternness of their courage sank beneath the burden of their melancholy fate. "Rudolph!" whispered amongst the rest his despairing bride, "Rudolph! why did you reject the help that was offered to you?" He adjured her not to add to the bitterness of parting; and she in turn adjured him, a little before the word of command was given to march—which robbed her of all consciousness—to make a sign to the stranger who had volunteered his offer of deliverance provided he should anywhere observe him in the crowd.

The streets and the windows were lined with spectators. Vainly did each of the criminals seek, by accompanying the clergyman in his prayers, to shelter himself from the thought, that all return, perhaps, was cut off from him. The large house of his bride's father reminded Schroll of a happiness that was now lost to him for ever, if any faith were to be put in the words of his yesterday's monitor; and a very remarkable faintness came over him. The clergyman, who was acquainted with the circumstances of his case, and, therefore, guessed the occasion of his sudden agitation, laid hold of his arm—and said, with a powerful voice, that he who trusted in God would assuredly see all his righteous hopes accomplished—in this world, if it were God's pleasure; but, if not, in a better.

These were words of comfort: but their effect lasted only for a few mo-

ments. Outside the city gate his eyes were met by the sand-hill already thrown up—a spectacle which renewed his earthly hopes and fears. He threw a hurried glance about him: but no where could he see his last night's visitor.

Every moment the decision came nearer and nearer. It has begun. One of the three has already shaken the box: the die is cast: he has thrown a six. This throw was now registered amidst the solemn silence of the crowd. The by-standers regarded him with silent congratulations in their eyes. For this man and Rudolph were the two special objects of the general compassion; this man, as the husband and father; Rudolph, as the youngest and handsomest, and because some report had gone abroad of his superior education and attainments.

Rudolph was the youngest in a double sense—youngest in years, and youngest in the service: for both reasons he was to throw last. It may be supposed, therefore, how much all present trembled for the poor delinquent, when the second of his comrades likewise flung a six.

Prostrated in spirit, Rudolph stared at the unpropitious die. Then a second time he threw a hurried glance around him—and that so full of despair, that from horrid sympathy a violent shuddering ran through the by-standers. "Here is no deliver," thought Rudolph, "none to see me, or to hear me! And if there were, it is now too late: for no change of the die is any longer possible." So saying he seized the fatal die; convulsively his hand clutches it; and before the throw is made he feels that the die is broken in two.

During the universal thrill of astonishment which succeeded to this strange accident, he looked round again. A sudden shock, and a sudden joy, fled through his countenance. Not far from him, in the dress of a pedlar, stands Theiler without a wound—the comrade whose head had been carried off on the field of battle by a cannon-ball. Rudolph made an under sign to him with his eye.

For clear as it now was to his mind—with whom he was dealing, yet, the dreadful trial of the moment over-powered his better resolutions.

The military commissions were in some confusion. No provision having been thought of against so strange an accident, there was no second die at hand. They were just on the point of despatching a messenger to fetch one, when the pedlar presented himself with the offer of supplying the loss. The new die is examined by the auditor, and delivered to the unfortunate Rudolph. He throws: the die is lying on the drum; and again it is a six! The amazement is universal: nothing is decided: the throws must be repeated. They are: and Weber, the husband of the sick wife—the father of the two half-naked children, flings the lowest throw.

Immediately the officer's voice was heard wheeling his men into their position: on the part of Weber there was as little delay. The overwhelming injury to his wife and children inflicted by his own act, was too mighty to contemplate. He shook hands rapidly with his two comrades; stepped nimbly into his place; kneeled down; the word of command was heard—"Lower your musquets;" instantly he dropt the fatal handkerchief with the gesture of one who prays for some incalculable blessing: and in the twinkling of an eye sixteen bullets had lightened the heart of the poor mutineer from its whole immeasurable freight of anguish.

All the congratulations, with which they were welcomed on their return into the city, fell powerless on Rudolph's ear! Scarcely could even Charlotte's caresses affect with any pleasure the man who believed himself to have sacrificed his comrade, through collusion with a fiend.

The importunities of Charlotte prevailed over all objections which the pride of her aged father suggested against a son-in-law who had been capitally convicted. The marriage was solemnized: but at the wedding-festival, amidst the uproar of merriment, the parties chiefly concerned were not hap-

py or tranquil. In no long time the father-in-law died, and by his death placed the young couple in a state of complete independence. But Charlotte's fortune, and the remainder of what Rudolph had inherited from his father, were speedily swallowed up by an idle and luxurious mode of living. Rudolph now began to ill-use his wife. To escape from his own conscience, he plunged into all sorts of dissolute courses. And very remarkable it was—that from manifesting the most violent abhorrence for every thing which could lead his thoughts to his fortunate cast of the die, he gradually came to entertain so uncontrollable a passion for playing dice—that he spent all his time in the company of those with whom he could turn this passion to account. His house had long since passed out of his own hands: not a soul could be found anywhere to lend him a shilling. The sickly widow of Weber and her two children, whom he had hitherto supported, lost their home and means of livelihood. And in no long space of time the same fate fell upon himself, his wife, and his child.

Too little used to labour to have any hope of improving his condition in that way, one day he bethought himself that Medical Institute was in the habit of purchasing from poor people during their life time the reversion of their bodies. To this establishment he addressed himself; and the ravages in his personal appearance and health, caused by his dissolute life, induced them the more readily to lend an ear to his proposal.

But the money thus obtained, which had been designed for the support of his wife and half-famished children was squandered at the gaming-table. As the last dollar vanished, Schroll bit one of the dice furiously between his teeth. Just then he heard these words whispered at his ear—"Gently, brother, gently: All dice do not split in two, like that on the sand-hill." He looked round in agitation: but saw no trace of any one who could have uttered the words.

With dreadful imprecations on himself and those with whom he had played, he slung out of the gaming-houses, homewards on his road to the wretched garret where his wife and children were awaiting his return and his succour. But here the poor creatures, tormented by hunger and cold, pressed upon him so unfortunately, that he had no way to deliver himself from misery but by flying from the spectacle. But whither could he go thus late at night, when his

utter poverty was known in every ale-house? Roaming he knew not whither, he found himself at length in the churchyard. The moon was shining solemnly upon the quiet grave-stones, though obscured at intervals by piles of stormy clouds. Rudolph shuddered at nothing but at himself and his own existence. He strode with bursts of laughter over the dwellings of the departed; and entered a vault which gave him shelter from the icy blasts of wind which now began to bluster more loudly than before. The moon threw her rays into the vault full upon the golden legend inscribed in the wall—"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!" Schroll took up a spade that was sticking in the ground, and struck with it furiously against the gilt letters on the wall: but they seemed indestructible; and he was going to assault them with a mattock, when suddenly a hand touched him on the shoulder, and said to him, "Gently, comrade: thy pains are all thrown away." Schroll uttered a loud exclamation of terror; for, in these words, he heard the voice of Weber, and, on turning round, recognized his whole person.

"What would'st thou have?" asked Rudolph—"What art thou come for?"—"To comfort thee," replied the figure, which now suddenly assumed the form and voice of the pedlar to whom Schroll was indebted for the fortunate die. "Thou hast forgotten me: and thence it is that thou art fallen into misfortune. Look up and acknowledge thy friend in need that comes only to make thee happy again."

"If that be thy purpose, wherefore is it that thou wearest a shape before which, of all others that have been on earth, I have most reason to shudder?"

The reason is—because I must not allow to any men my help or my converse on too easy terms. Before ever my die was allowed to turn thy fate, I was compelled to give thee certain intimations from which thou knewest with whom it was that thou wert dealing."

"With whom then was it that I was dealing?" cried Schroll, staring with his eyes wide open, and his hair standing erect.

"Thou knewest, comrade, at that time—thou knowest at this moment," said the pedlar laughing, and tapping him on the shoulder. "But what is it that thou desirest?"

Schroll struggled internally; but, overcome by his desolate condition, he

said immediately—"Dice: I would have dice that shall win whenever I wish."

"Very well: but first of all stand out of the blaze of this golden writing on the wall: it is a writing that has nothing to do with thee. Here are dice: never allow them to go out of thy own possession: for that might bring thee into great trouble. When thou needest me, light a fire at the last stroke of the midnight hour; throw in my dice and with loud laughter. They will crack once or twice, and then split. At that moment catch at them in the flames: but let not the moment slip, or thou art lost. And let not thy courage be daunted by the sights that I cannot but send before me whensoever I appear. Lastly, avoid choosing any holy day for this work; and beware of the priest's benediction. Here, take the dice."

Schroll caught at the dice with one hand, whilst with the other he covered his eyes. When he next looked up, he was standing alone,

He now quitted the burying ground to return as hastily as possible to the gaming-house, where the light of candles was still visible. But it was with the greatest difficulty that he obtained money enough from a "friend" to enable him to make the lowest stake which the rules allowed. He found it a much easier task to persuade the company to use the dice which he had brought with him. They saw in this nothing but a very common superstition—and no possibility of any imposture, as they and he should naturally have benefited alike by the good luck supposed to accompany the dice. But the nature of the charm was—that only the possessor of the dice enjoyed their supernatural powers; and hence it was, that towards morning Schroll reeled home, intoxicated with wine and pleasure, and laden with the money of all present, to the garret where his family were lying, half-frozen and famished.

Their outward condition was immediately improved. The money, which Schroll had won, was sufficient for a very considerable stake.

With this sum, and in better attire, Rudolph repaired to a gaming-house of more fashionable resort—and came home in the evening laden with gold.

He now opened a gaming establishment himself; and so much did his family improve in external appearance within a few weeks that the police began to keep a watchful eye over him.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS :
*A May-Day Effusion. By the Hon. C.
 Lamb.*

I LIKE to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweeper—old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigrity, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sunrise?

I have a kindly yearning toward these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blackness—

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits, (the tops of chimneys,) in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's-self enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *faucis Averni*—to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades!—to shudder with the idea that “now, surely, he must be lost for ever!”—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered day-light—and then (O fulness of delight) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once left into a stack with his brush to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in *Macbeth*, where the “Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.”

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give them a penny. It is better to give him two-pence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kiked heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.

There is a composition, the ground-

work of which I have understood to be the sweet wood 'yclept sassafras. This wood boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an effusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury. I know not how thy palate may relish it; for myself, with every deference to the judicious Mr. Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one he avers in London) for the vending of this “wholesome beverage,” on the south side of Fleet-street, as thou approachest Bridge-street—the *only Salopian house*.—I have never yet adventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients—a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it. Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegances, sup it up with avidity.

I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney-sweeper—whether the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions, which are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners; or whether Nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw victims, caused to grow out of the earth her sassafras for a sweet lenitive—but so it is, that no possible taste or odour to the sense of a young chimney-sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals—cats—when they purr over a new found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than physophy can explicate.

Now albeit Mr. Read boasteth not, without reason, that his is the *only Salopian house*; yet be it known to thee, reader—if thou art one who keepest what are called good hours, thou art happily ignorant of the fact—he hath a race of industrious imitators, who from stalls, and under open sky, dispense the same savoury mess to humbler customers, at that dead time of the dawn, when (as extremes meet) the rake, reeling

home from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artisan leaving his bed to resume the premature labours of the day, jostle, not unfrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honours of the pavement. It is the time when, in summer, between the expired and the not yet relumined kitchen-fires, the kennels of our fair metropolis give forth their least satisfactory odours. The rake, who wisheth to dissipate his o'er-night vapours in more grateful coffee, curses the ungenial fume, as he passeth; but the artisan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

This is *Saloop*—the precocious herb-woman's darling—the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammersmith to Covent-garden's famed piazza—the delight, and, oh I fear, too often the envy, of the unpenned sweep. Him shouldest thou happily encounter, with his dim visage pendant over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three half-pennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added half-penny)—so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'er-charged secretions from thy worse placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the welkin—so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingrediented soups—nor the odious cry, quick-reaching from street to street, of the *fired chimney*, invite the rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes, to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace and pocket!

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking, of a gentleman. Yet I can endure the jocularity of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness. In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough—yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his

poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth—but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the March to Finchie, grinning at the pyeman—there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever—with such a maximum of glee, minimum of mischief, in his mirth—for the grin of a genuine sweep bath absolutely no malice in it—that I could have been content, if the honour of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket, presumably holding such jewels; but, methinks, they should take leave to “air” them as frugally as possible. The fine lady, or fine gentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when

A sable cloud

Turns forth her silver lining on the light.

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility:—and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguisement, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticeships of these tender victims give too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine, and almost infantile abductions; the seeds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts (not otherwise to be accounted for) plainly hint at some forced adoptions; many noble Rachels mourning for their children, even in our days, countenance the fact; the tales of fairy-spiriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montagu be but a solitary instance of good fortune, out of many irreparable and hopeless defiliations.

In one of the state-beds at Arundel Castle, a few years since—under a ducal canopy—(that seat of the Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late Duke was especially a connoisseur)—

encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets inwoven—folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius—was discovered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noon-day, fast asleep, a lost chimney-sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitation to repose, which he there saw exhibited; so, creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle. But I cannot help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I have just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a Duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug, or the carpet, presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions—is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapt by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula*, and resting place. By no other theory, than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state (as I may call it,) can I explain a deed so venturesome, and, indeed, upon any other system, so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable, sleeper.

My pleasant friend JEM WHITE was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of St. Bartholomew. Cards were issued a

week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney-sweeper (all is not soot which looks so,) was quitted out of the presence with universal indignation; as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity; but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlours three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savour. JAMES WHITE, as head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion BROWN, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table—for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the humours of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honour the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three,) that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing, half-cursing “the gentleman,” and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O it was a pleasure to see the sable youngsters lick in the unctuous meat, with his more unctuous saying—how he would fit the fit bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors—how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it “must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating”—how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth,—

which "were there best patrimony"... how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to "wipe the lip before drinking." Then we had our toasts—"The King,"—the "Cloth"—which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering;—and for a crowning sentiment, which never failed, "May the Brush supersede the Laurel." All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a "Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so," which was prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those recking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savourest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

*Golden lads and lasses must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust—*

JAMES WHITE is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.

BONAPARTE AND HIS FAMILIAR.

The following singular story was circulated almost immediately after the fall of Napoleon, and with the credulous obtained ready belief:—

Ever since the retreat of Napoleon across the Rhine, and his return to his capital, a visible change had been observed in his habits and his conduct. Instead of wearing the livery of woe for the discomfiture of his plans of ambition, he had dismissed his usual thoughtfulness; smiles played on his lips, and cheerfulness sat on his brow. His manners had become light and easy, and his conversation lively. Business seemed to have lost its charms for him, he sought for amusement and pleasure, and, like another hero of an inferior rank, whenever his spirits sunk, he had recourse to the sparkling cup, to "raise them high with wine." Balls and entertainments succeeded each other, and the Parisians began to fancy either Napoleon was certain of making an advanta-

geous peace with the Allies whenever he thought proper, or were convinced that his downfall was at hand, and therefore he wished to spend the last weeks of his imperial dignity in enjoyment and ease. A new conscription had been ordered, and the legislative body had been dismissed; but these were signs of his existence, not of his activity. Indolent, at least in appearance, he remained buried in pleasure, whilst the invaders crossed the Rhine, and, rapidly approaching Paris, threatened to destroy at once his throne and the metropolis. On a sudden his conduct experienced a sudden change—his face assumed his deep and habitually thoughtful gloom—his attention was once more entirely engrossed by the cares due to his armies—and every day witnessed new reviews of regiments in the Place du Carrousel. Sleep could no longer seal his wakeful eyes, and his wonted activity, in which perhaps no other mortal ever equalled him, was displayed with more energy than ever. All the time he could spare from his armies and cabinet, he bestowed on the State Council. So striking an opposition between his present and past conduct could not fail to excite a powerful agitation in the minds of the Parisians, and to make them strive to trace a change so abrupt in the manners of the Emperor, to its true cause; but to the still greater astonishment of the whole city, the report of an interview of Napoleon with his genius, under the shape of a mysterious red man, transpired. The gentleman from whom this curious communication was received, heard it related, with the following particulars, on the first of January, at Paris, where he spent the whole of the winter:—The 1st of January, 1814, early in the morning, Napoleon shut himself up in his cabinet, bidding Count Mole, then Counsellor of State, and since Grand Judge of the Empire, remain in the next room, and to hinder any person whatever from troubling him, while he was occupied in his cabinet. He looked more thoughtful than usual. He had not long retired to his study when a tall man, dressed all in red, applied to Mole, pretending that he wanted to speak to the Emperor. He was answered, that it was not possible. "I must speak to him; go and tell him that it is the red man that wants him, and he will admit me." Awed by the imperious and commanding tone of that strange personage, Mole obeyed reluctantly, and trembling, executed his dangerous errand. "Let him in," said Bonaparte sternly. Prompted by curiosity, Mole listened at the door, and overheard the following curious conversation:—The red man said, "This is the third time of my apparition before you; the first time we met was in Egypt, at the battle of the Pyramids. The

second, after the battle of Wagram. I then granted you four years more, to terminate the conquest of Europe, or to make a general peace; threatening, that if you did not perform one of these two things, I would withdraw my protection from you. Now I am come, for the third and last time, to warn you, that you have but three months to complete the execution of your designs, or to comply with the proposal of peace which are offered you by the Allies; if you do not achieve the one, or accede to the other, all will be over with you—so remember it well."—Napoleon then expostulated with him to obtain more time, on the plea that it was impossible, in so short a space, to reconquer what he had lost, or to make peace on honourable terms. "Do as you please, but my resolution is not to be shaken by entreaties, nor otherwise, and I go." He opened the door, the Emperor followed, entreating him, but to no purpose; the red man would not stop any longer. He went away, casting on his Imperial Majesty a contemptuous look, and repeating, in a stern voice "three months—no longer." Napoleon made no reply; but his fiery eyes darted fury, and he returned sullenly into his cabinet, which he did not leave the whole day. Such were the reports that were spread in Paris, three months before the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte, where they caused an unusual sensation, and created a superstitious belief among the people, that he had dealings with infernal spirits, and was bound to fulfil their will, or perish. What is more remarkable, in three months the wonderful events justified the red man's words completely more unfortunate than Caesar, or Henry IV. of France, these presages did but foretell his ruin, and not his death. Who the man really was who visited Napoleon, in a red dress, has never been known; but that such a person obtained an interview with him seems to be placed beyond a doubt. Even the French papers, when Bonaparte was deposed, recurred to the fact, and remarked, that his mysterious visitant's prophetic threat had been accomplished.

THE HERMIT IN FRANCE.

Ah friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring
Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing.

POPE.

CUI BONO? said I to myself, on entering a double line of carriages in my cabriolet, where I sat mentally alone amongst thousands, observing the gay world, and asking myself to what purpose, for what good end was all this pomp, parade, competing, rivaling, thronging and pressing forward to the end of a long alley, just to turn, and turn, and turn again; until either the head was turned giddy, the

imagination fatigued, no right put an end to the contest betwixt reigning beauties, and the civil war of out-dressing each other? What warm complexions! sun-bright eyes! glossy tresses! proudly nodding plumes! what witchcraft and enchantments! what fatal glances! inclinations (both of the head and heart) to gether with

"Becks and winks and wreathed smiles

"Such as bloom on Hebe's cheek,

"And lone to dwell in dimples sleek."

"Lovely ladies! spare an old man," thought I to myself. The thought was vain, no silken snare was laid for me, time had cooled the fever of my passions, and I was no longer under the wand of the enchantress. But for what is all this bustle? A host of vehicles of all descriptions, open and closed, drawn by single horses, pairs, fours and sixes, horsemen and liverymen, plebeians and patricians, both sexes, and all kinds of style! the French landaus, *vis à vis*, coach, chariot and *demi fortune*, the phaeton and cabriolet, the German barouche, sociable, half cart, and *char à bon*, the *mi lord Anglais* in his tandem, light mail with four in hand, the curricule, gig, tilbury, dennet, and Irish car, the horsemen of all descriptions, military and civilians, amazons, intrepids, &c. The countless crowds of foot passengers, opening the broad eye of curiosity on the triumphant ones borne on fortune's wheels, or parading their prancing steeds, whilst looks of envy are flung on them by the weak, not unmingled with regards of pity from the sage, if such a one there be either in the lengthy cavalcade, or the infantry population of Paris, poured out upon this fashionable spot? Why is the *gen-d'armes* with naked sabre charging the disobedient coachman who attempts to break the line, or marshalling the carriages in order with as much importance as if he were a field marshal himself; raising his gauntlet and pointing to what part of the procession the vehicle must move?—Why (as in all pleasures, pageantries and processions in Paris) this military array mingled with the peaceful people? Guards on foot stationed in the *Elysian fields*!!! Mounted orderlies at the gates of the *Bois de Boulogne*. An active police in disguise, slipped in amongst the giddy mob, with open ears, inquiring looks, and all the wiles and snares of *espionage*? Would it be thus in our Sunday Hyde-park? in our St. James's mall? in the tranquil walks or rides of the Regent's park, or in any similar place for exercise and recreation? No—ye blessed powers who gave us liberty, preserve it long unbroken and unaltered to our children's children, and until time has run its career! Is there a drawing room? a novice might enquire—a race?—a fair?—a *fete champetre*?—a review?—None of those; it is merely an annual driving and riding up and down, to be looked at by the

humble pedestrian, admired or censured by the children of fashion, to gaze on beaux and belles, to see the last fashions, the new equipages, fine horses, and (often borrowed for the occasion) equipages of the *beau monde*. It is a thing like our Sunday-park, but performed, not on the day of rest and relaxation from toil in England, the Sabbath, but on three successive days, in the most solemn season of the year, that which is considered as a time of abstinence and prayer, of fasting and penance, on the last week in Lent, one day of which is Good Friday; and this too in a Catholic country, and under the eyes of his most Christian Majesty. Nor is this modish usage, this most gaudy display, this diversified competition for the plan of elegance, of recent date; it preceded and has outlived the Revolution; half a century has not treached upon its performance, stolen one feather from fancy's wing, or clipped them so as to diminish its airy flights. Still this insipid going up and down, with no fixed object in view, holds its place in fashion's customs.

There was a time when royalty and nobility lent a sanction, and afforded an example to the gentry and humbler classes, by going in state to a convent where evening service was performed. This place of worship was situated at the termination of a long avenue beyond the Barriere of Paris, passing through the well wooded, attractive *Champs Elysees*. This ceremony has ceased; no one alights from the *voiture* to visit a place of prayer; the form of going and coming is performed, but the purpose has vanished entirely. There are, however, many interested in the continuation of *Longchamp*; many whose turn is served by this annual procession; numbers who make it a pretext for obtaining presents; very many to whom bad weather on this occasion is fatal. The milliner, the mantua-maker, the modiste, the tailor, hatter, plumassier, artificial flower maker, jeweller, perfumer, and hairdresser, all are benefitted to a high degree, by the display of art on this occasion; the *couturiere* and *marchande de modes* travel from tasty Brussels, and from all parts of Flanders to catch fashion at the *Promenade de Longchamp*; the robe makers quit the provincial towns and cities of France, and set off from her maritime and other frontiers, for the same important purpose. The French dress-maker from London, nay even our own country women, also quit home to pick up the airs of Paris, the very ultimate bon gout in these memorable days, previous to which the Parisian snip, and Mademoiselle Fanchon, the decorator of human shapes, rack their imagination for a fresh cut, or a novel name, to make something extravagantly stylish go down; nor are those in the *millinery line* behind hand with them in their inventive powders, the pleasing ruin which hangs round an

elegant of the class in the form of an opera dancer, a singer at one of the theatres, or some other theatrical charmer, must have a new carriage and horses for *Longchamp*, something captivating in the jewellery way, nay, even the faithful wife cannot allow these days of dressing and parading to pass without a cachmere,---destructive article to the fond husband's purse!---which must cover her well shaped shoulders, at this meeting of the graces, or a superb pelisse, with hat and feathers to correspond, else will her good spouse not meet with corresponding affection; she will neither love, honour, nor obey, since *high feather* is absolutely necessary to the performance of these rare duties. Lastly, those who wish to see and to be seen, those who have daughters to bring to the matrimonial market, or widows who prefer flowers to weeds, sport all the productions of Flora, admirably imitated, in their pretty *chapeaux*, or laced and adorned caps, whilst they too bloom in *promise*, and *promise* to bloom as long as the slippery hand of time will permit.

Were I asked if there was no vanity on a court day, all uncourtly as the question is, I should not say no; but then a purpose is answered, respect is paid where it is due, to our sovereign; promotion may be obtained by it; usage prescribes to our nobility the being present at court. Should a Frenchman further demand if there was no expense and pride exhibited in our Sunday parks, I could not correctly reply by a negative, but air and exercise form a motive for frequenting this resort of *bon ton*, fashion stands not haughtily and overbearingly alone; at the gate of *Longchamp*, or on the margin of the *Serpentine*-river, the season which is selected for the amusement derived from the park and gardens is that of buds and blossoms, of the lengthened sun, of declining spring, and insipid summer, so that health may be benefited, whilst trade derives a source of wealth from fashion's frivolities, in addition to which consideration, the *people's good*, (a thing never lost sight of in Old England) walks *pari passu* on the same path with the rich, the prosperous and the magnificent. The hack canter by the blood horse whose rider bears a coronet; the honest industrious trader, the laborious mechanic is unassailed in his elevated foot-path, free from interruption, distinct, and independent, without the menacing of a half soldier half police man, a mounted or dismounted *gen d'arme*; he enjoyed his weekly holiday which relieves and rewards him for the toil of his working days. To younger and to better heads than mine I have to decide the advantages of *Longchamp*, and to place it on a parallel line with our park; I have seen it in my youth and in declining years, and it could never yet fill either the mind or the eye of

THE HERMIT ABROAD.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[From *Cumberland's Memoirs*.]

I think our first meeting chanced to be at the British Coffee House; when we came together, we were speedily coalesced, and I believe he forgave me for all the little fame I had got by the success of the *West Indian*, which had put him to some trouble, for it was not his nature to be unkind, and I had soon an opportunity of convincing him how incapable I was of harbouring resentment, and how zealously I took my share in what concerned his interest and reputation. That he was fantastically and whimsically vain all the world knows, but there was no settled and inherent malice in his heart. He was tenacious to a ridiculous extreme of certain pretensions, that did not, and by nature could not, belong to him, and at the same time inexcusably careless of the fame, which he had powers to command. His table-talk was, as Garrick aptly compared it, like that of a parrot, whilst he wrote like Apollo; he had gleams of eloquence, and at times a majesty of thought, but in general his tongue and his pen had two very different styles of talking. What foibles he had took pains to conceal, the good qualities of his heart were too frequently obscured by the carelessness of his conduct, and the frivolity of his manner. Sir Joshua Reynolds was very good to him, and would have drilled him into better trim and order for society, if he would have been amenable, for Reynolds was a perfect gentleman, had good sense, great propriety with all the social attributes, and all the graces of hospitality, equal to any man. He well knew how to appreciate men of talents, and how near akin the Muse of poetry was to that art, of which he was so eminent a master. From Goldsmith he caught the subject of his famous *Ugolino*; what aids he got from others, if he got any, were worthily bestowed and happily applied.

There is something in Goldsmith's prose, that to my ear is uncommonly sweet and harmonious; it is clear, simple, easy to be understood; we never want to read this period twice over, except for the pleasure it bestows: obscurity never calls us back to a repetition of it. That he was a poet there is no doubt, but the paucity of his verses does not allow us to rank him in that high station, where his genius might have carried him. There must be bulk, variety and grandeur of design to constitute a first-rate poet. The *Deserted Village*, *Traveller* and *Hermit* are all specimens beautiful as such, but they are only birds eggs on a string, and eggs of small birds too. One great magnificent *whole* must be accomplished before we can pronounce upon the *maker* to be the *ωκυπλοῦς*. Pope himself never earned this title by a work of any magnitude but his *Homer*, and that being a translation only constitutes him an accomplished versifier.

Distress drove Goldsmith upon undertakings, neither congenial with his studies, nor worthy of his talents. I remember him, when in his chamber in the Temple, he showed me the beginning of his *Animated Nature*; it was with a sigh, such as genius draws, when hard necessity diverts it from its bent to drudge for bread, and talk of birds and beasts and creeping things, which Piddock's show-man would have done as well. Poor fellow, he hardly knew an ass from a mole, nor a turkey from a goose, but when he saw it on the table. But publishers hate poetry, and Pater-noster-Row is not Parnassus. Even the mighty Doctor Hill, who was not a very delicate feeder, could not make a dinner of the press till by a happy transformation into Hannah Glass he turned himself into a cook, and sold receipts for made dishes to all the savoury readers in the kingdom. Then indeed the press acknowledged him second in fame only to John Bunyan; his feasts kept pace in sale with Nelson's feasts, and when his own name was fairly written out of credit, he wrote himself into immortality under an alias. Now though necessity, or I should rather say the desire of finding money for a masquerade, drove Oliver Goldsmith upon abridging histories and turning Buffoon into English, yet I much doubt if without that spur he would ever have put his Pegasus into action; no, if he had been rich, the world would have been poorer than it is by the loss of all the treasures of his genius and the contributions of his pen.

Who will say that Johnson himself would have been such a champion in literature, such a front-rank soldier in the fields of fame, if he had not been pressed into the service, and driven on to glory with the bayonet of sharp necessity pointed at his back? If fortune had turned him into a field of clover, he would have laid down and rolled in it. The mere manual labour of writing would not have allowed his lassitude and love of ease to have taken the pen out of the inkhorn, unless the cravings of hunger had reminded him that he must fill the sheets before he saw the table cloth. He might indeed have knocked down Osbourne for a blockhead, but he would have knocked him down with a folio of his own writings. He would perhaps have been the dictator of a club, and wherever he sat down to conversation, there must have been the splash of strong bold thought about him, that we might still have had a collectanea after his death; but of prose I guess not much, of works of labour none, of fancy perhaps something more, especially of poetry, which under favour I conceive was not his tower of strength. I think we should have had his *Rasselas* at all events, for he was likely enough to have written a *Voltaire*, and brought the question to the test, if infidelity is any aid to wit. An orator

he must have been; not improbable a parliamentarian, and, if such, certainly an oppositionist, for he preferred to talk against the tide. He would indubitably have been no member of the Whig Club, no partisan of Hume, no believer of Macpherson; he would have put up prayers for early rising, and laid in bed all day, and with the most active resolutions possible been the most indolent mortal living. He was a good man by nature, a great man by genius, we are now to enquire what he was by compulsion.

Johnson's first style was naturally energetic, his middle style was turgid to a fault, his latter style was softened down and harmonized into periods, more tuneful and more intelligible. His execution was rapid, yet his mind was not easily provoked into exertion; the variety we find in his writings was not the variety of choice arising from the impulse of his proper genius, but tasks imposed upon him by the dealers in ink, and contracts on his part submitted to in satisfaction of the pressing calls of hungry want; for, painful as it is to relate, I have heard that illustrious scholar assert (and he never varied from the truth of fact) that he subsisted himself for a considerable space of time upon the scanty pittance of four-pence half-penny per day. How melancholy to reflect that his vast trunk and stimulating appetite were to be supported by what will barely feed the weaned infant! Less, much less, than Master Betty has earned in one night, would have cheered the mighty mind, and maintained the athletic body of Samuel Johnson in comfort and abundance for a twelvemonth. Alas! I am not fit to paint his character; nor is there need of it; *Etiam mortuus loquitur*: every man who can buy a book, has bought a *Boswell*; Johnson is known to all the reading world. I also knew him well, respected him highly, loved him sincerely; it was never my chance to see him in those moments of moroseness and ill humour, which are imputed to him, perhaps with truth, for who would slander him? But I am not warranted by any experience of those humours to speak of him otherwise than of a friend who always met me with kindness, and from whom I never separated without regret. When I sought his company he had no capricious excuses for withholding it, but lent himself to every invitation with cordiality, and brought good humour with him, that gave life to the circle he was in. He presented himself always in his fashion of apparel; a brown coat with flowing bob wig was the style of his wardrobe, but they were in perfectly good trim, and with the ladies, which he generally met, he had nothing of the slovenly philosopher about him; he fed heartily, but not voraciously, and was extremely courteous in his commendations of any dish, that pleased his palate.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

STANZAS WRITTEN FOR A SCRAP BOOK.

*Addressed to M. N. L.**"A willing holocaust, I come."—Shelley.*

Stay little book, e'en I must bring
 (Though humble, as I call it mine)
 And cast my worthless offering,
 Upon the base of beauty's shrine.
 For I unused to touch the chords,
 In dalliance light—to Ladies' gay,
 Cannot express by feeble words,
 Half that my vaulting soul would say.—

Yet wake! thou slumbering lyre and breathe
 The strain to which thou once wert strung;
 Tho' deaden'd now, the verdant wreath
 That blooming 'round thy wives clung.
 Still I would have thee once more wake
 As when fond hopes were smiling bright,
 But ah! the halcyon, sunshine break
 Of those fair days, is clos'd in night.
 Wilt thou not wake?—the effort's vain!
 Thy strains, are echoings of the past
 I cannot bear to hear again
 A spell of gloom, is o'er thee cast.
 'Twere well to let the live, and never
 Rouse nor waken more thy sleep—
 Peace then! thy strings be mute for ever,
 Their murmurings are too sad and deep.

Friendship has left me but its mask,
 And Love thou curs'd, dissembling flame
 Not for thy blandishments. I ask
 No treacherous joys, from thee I claim
 Thou fond, false mockery of the soul—
 Why unto man, wast thou e'er given
 I spurn thy weak and base controul,
 And thus, at once thy chains are riven—
 Lady believe me, I were blest—
 Did poesy to me belong;
 With the sweet muses power imprest,
 I'd raise to thee a worthier song.
 Alas! then me, some happier Bard
 Whose Lyre is twin'd with roses red,
 Must gently touch the thrilling chord
 The flowers of mine have droop'd—are dead

Yes Lady and the one, who now
 Amid these leaves enrolls his name,
 Seeks not the laurel for his brow,
 Nor heeds the rabble shout of fame,
 Give him then this, an humble lot,
 (Fame's but a momentary cry,)
 In shady glen—a lowly cot,
 Happy to live—content to die!

No pompous stone to mark where lay
 The wretch beneath who once had been,
 No tribute to denote his clay,
 From the still homes, of other men,
 Save a poor wish, for some lone grove,
 With green turf blooming o'er his head,
 And weeping willows branch above,
 To cast its shadows on his bed.

Lives there a being who has not
 Some kindlier feelings in the breast?
 A treasure'd one—a sacred spot
 Which above all he loves the best?
 Who thinks not of the scenes behind,
 As pilgrims where-so'er they roam?
 True—many a sunnier cline we find,
 But ne'er a place so dear as home.

Thine is the glow of heart and brow,
 Thy path, is lit by pleasure's smile
 And all that fondness can bestow,
 But serves thy pastime to beguile,
 I wonder not to her thee sigh,
 To leave a joyous world like this,
 To bid adieu, to each dear tie,
 That forms thy sum of happiness,
 Well we must fade—and die—and rot!
 The Bard who loftiest lays has sung,
 Sinks to his rest, unwept,—forgot!
 Commingled the "vile herd," among,
 So too the Patriot's hallow'd clay
 Who met his fate, in battle hour,
 And shrunk not from the wild affray,
 E'en when the death clouds darkly lower.

How many die, alas unknown!
 Not one, their vulcant deeds to tell;
 To whom no monumental stone,
 Shall point to where they bravely fell,
 But what a bliss to those who die,
 And falling echo glory's shout,
 Oh! who would not thus rather lie,
 Than meanly live, life's taper out.

By Heaven! the sod cannot exclude,
 The sacred memory of those,
 The brave, the virtuous, and the good
 Who calmly slumber in repose,
 The warriors grave—is holy ground
 His destiny—a glorious doom,
 Each gallant soul, reverses his mind,
 And every honest heart's—his tomb.

Delusive dreams deceive no more,
 What matters it to those who sleep,
 When the "dull round of life" is o'er,
 Whether or not for them we weep?
 The heart lies pulseless in the tomb,
 Death's dread appeal we may not wave,
 Why meet we then our fate with gloom,
 Oblivion centres in the grave.

What different scenes doth time create,
 In every change, be joy for thee—
 Contentment in a future state,
 (Tho' I, that tune may never see)
 But when in solitary mood,
 In casement lone, by moonlight dim,
 Visions of by-gone hours obtrude—
 Perchance, thou may'st remember him,

A. N. S.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

Giver of glowing light!
 Though but a God of other days,

The kings and sages of wiser ages
 Still live and gladden in thy genial rays.

King of the tuneful lyre!
 Still poets' hymns to thee belong;
 Though lips are cold whereon, of old,
 Thy beams all turn'd to worshipping and song

Lord of the dreadful bow!
 None triumph now for Python's death,
 But thou dost save from hungry grave
 The life that hangs upon a summer breath.

Father of rosy day!
 No more thy clouds of incense rise,
 But waking flow's, at morning hours,
 Breathe out their sweets to meet thee in the
 skies.

God of the Delphic fane!
 No more thou hearest to hymns sublime,
 But they will leave, on winds at eve,
 A solemn echo to the end of time.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY W. G. SIMMS, ESQ.

Why, loneliness and grief be mine, when all
 of hope has fled—
 The lamp should surely cease to shine, when
 all its oil is shed;
 Or, if a feeble blaze it gives, its lustre is
 alone,
 A ray that serves to say it lives, tho' all its
 light be gone.

Thou should'st not strive to charm my soul
 with visions that must fly—
 Like clouds that from the morning roll, be-
 neath the eastern sky:
 These dreams may tempt, but cease to lend,
 a lasting hope to joy,
 And should they with my bosom blend,
 'twould be, but to destroy.

Then cease to form the feature bright, that
 truth must still deny—
 And he should know the morning's light,
 who's felt each change of sky;
 The sweets with which thou would'st allure,
 are like the dreams of sleep,
 That tempt the wand'rer to the shore, then
 hurl him in the deep.

THE STAR OF LIFE.

BY W. G. SIMMS, ESQ.

The Star of Life is shining,
 The damps of Night are fled;
 No more thy heart is pining,
 O'er scenes of pleasure dead.
 Go, sport in frolic bow'r,
 Go, bask 'neath fortune's pow'r,
 There yet may come an hour,
 When Time his blights shall shed.

Go give to fortune's minion,
 The heart I thought but mine;

I promptly burst the pinion,
That bound me to your shrine.
Tho' life's unfolding measure
No longer wakes to pleasure.
Yet Feeling's mad'ning treasure,
Is sweet, compared to thine.

For memory oft shall tell thee
Of rows perchance forgot :
And former thoughts impel thee,
To sorrow o'er my lot—
That but for thee, a heaven
To early morn had given,
And tinged with light, the even
That now—is but a blot.

GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, February 17.

Doctor Godman's Lecture.—Published for the students of Rutgers College. H. Stevenson, 1827.

Although this discourse has been some time before the public, yet we cannot refuse it a passing notice. It bears so true an indication of fine genius and cultivated taste that of itself it is sufficient to establish the reputation of its author, as a man of first rate abilities. What a beautiful description of childhood is the following :

The condition of childhood or adolescence is the spring-time of our existence. All sensations are new, all scenes are inviting; every object is a source of gratification to curiosity. The number and rapidity of our sensations keep up a continual succession of images in the mind; and one so immediately displaces the other, that whether painful or pleasurable, they soon disappear; the hours fleet away with winged swiftness, not counted though deeply felt; not individually productive of remarkable consequences,—but for ever after treasured in the memory, as the times of peculiar happiness; as the days long gone by—as the golden age of life, for ever fled.

Nor is the following less beautiful :

To this period succeeds that of beginning maturity, when the body acquires its full growth, and the slender and awkward boy imperceptibly changes to the vigorous and graceful man. His piping and treble voice, passing through various irregularities, assumes that sonorous strength of intonation so well befitting his condition. The cavities of his skull, previously unmarked by external prominences, now expand. His brow becomes elevated; his eyes more deeply seated in their sockets; his cheeks are broader and higher, and the passions and workings of his mind become imprinted upon his countenance. The rosy, unmeaning, and frolic expressions of his visage are gone :

his air is thoughtful and serious. Those who were familiar with him as a child, experience an awkward restraint in addressing him: his parents are conscious of a change without being able to define it. His very mother, who nursed and cherished him through all his infantile troubles, learns to listen to him with respect, and look upon him with reverence. Henceforth, he assumes his station as a member of the great human family, responsible for his actions solely to his country and his God!

The approach of his sister to the same period of existence, is marked by analogous changes in external appearance, not so striking for their magnitude as from their peculiar character. The whole expression is wonderfully altered;—there is a singular addition of loveliness to features which may have previously been considered uninteresting and even repulsive. The step, the voice and gestures all declare, that "Nature's last, best work," has assumed all her charms and is no longer to be approached, except with that homage which her loveliness and innocence never fail to inspire, especially when their natural power is augmented, by that cultivation of mind which imparts vigour to intelligence, and tenfold attraction to beauty.

A fine description of the Summer and the Autumn of life follows. After carrying man to the grave, our author thus comments :

We have thus, in a cursory manner, followed man from the cradle to the grave; but we are well aware that few persons are permitted to experience all the seasons and changes we have described. Accident and disease are daily destroying vast numbers of our race in every stage of existence—bidding us to look for more enduring happiness than can be founded on so frail a tenure as human life. It is, however, a fact, that our fondness for life increases in exact proportion as life diminishes in value. In the early part of our existence, death is braved, and danger courted, as if life were of slight account, or could not readily be lost. Death is not feared, because to the young it seems distant and improbable. In maturity, we are more cautious, having learned something of the true value of life, and feel more convincingly the probabilities of losing it. But in extreme old age, when all enjoyments are at an end, we cling to the cup to the last, and drain it to the bitterest dregs—even then relinquishing it solely from inability to retain it still longer at our lips.

From Doctor Godman's eloquent defence of his favourite science, *Anatomy*, we extract the following spirited passage.

Seeing then that man must die—that the sentence must be accomplished—"dust thou

art, and unto dust thou shalt return"—what are we to think of those, who are so restricted in their modes of thinking, as to feel and express towards the cultivators of our glorious science, prejudices worthy of the most unenlightened times? Well informed upon almost all other subjects, vast numbers of men appear to shun information upon this—like children, who lie shuddering all night at a shadow upon the wall, fearing to approach it closely and dispel their idle terrors. Such persons associate the idea of anatomy with barbarousness and cruelty. They regard the man who strew the plain with thousands of dead, immolated for the gratification of his ambition—as a *hero*, worthy of laurels and applause—while they view the devoted student of our science almost with disgust, and are ever ready to join in the clamour against him as a violator of the *repose* of the tomb; a disturber of the *dead*. Strangest of all, this happens in a christian land—where devout and faithful ministers of the gospel are daily engaged in declaring that the soul is immortal—the body corruptible and evanescent, and the Creator omnipotent!

But, as to the *repose* of the tomb—the *disturbance* of the *dead*—it is mockery of common sense, and totally absurd: it impugns the verity of the religion we believe most holy—it is an indignity offered to the character of the Supreme! What avails your profound interments—your six feet of earth—or iron coffins or leaden shrouds? The moment life departs, every breeze that blows wafts myriads of insects to the feast—they deposit their eggs unseen by the friends who watch at the side of the corpse. Committed with the body to the earth, they are dormant only till sufficient heat is evolved by putrefaction to call them into activity; then they feed to fatness on the rankling corse; and when ready to assume their perfect shape, work their way to the surface, and wing their flight to repeat a similar process upon other dead. Tell us then of the *repose* of the tomb—when the bodies we so carefully deposit in earth are not only dissolved by the chemical affinities of their own elements, but serve as food to myriads of insects, and are, sooner or later, carried abroad upon the four winds of heaven. Grant that every precaution be taken, and that we pile defences around these perishing relics, heaping brick, or marble, or granite upon them? 'Tis but deferring the disturbance of their *repose* a few years longer—until the monuments themselves perish and are no more, from the uninterrupted operation of those laws which command all matter to change form. The finest sand washed by the surf on the shore, once formed an integral part of mountains, which might, in their day,

have been called everlasting, but which nature forbade to be immutable!

We have not room for more extracts, and must conclude by saying, that this eloquent discourse is an honor to its author and to the institution with which it is connected.

Park Theatre.—We have seldom seen more admirable acting or a more gratified audience than at the second performance of the "Fatal Dowry." We have spoken so often in commendation of Macready and Conway, that it would be but a repetition to descant at length upon their respective merits. It is sufficient to say, that both these accomplished gentlemen did themselves justice.

We were pleased too to see a full and highly respectable house on Wednesday evening. It is a stigma upon the taste of our city that such powerful and polished tragedians should fail to attract a crowded and fashionable house. We have already explained one of the principal causes of the apparent indifference to the merits of these gentlemen. It is the season of balls, routs and parties. The fashionable world is engaged in champagne and small talk, to the exclusion of tragedy and tears.

Mr. Macready and Mr. Conway both take their benefits next week and we sincerely hope that if there be any parties on the same nights, fashion may for once forsake suppers and Simon to pay a tribute to talent and worth.

The sweet Mrs. Knight has been eminently successful in Philadelphia. We hope soon to see her again at the Park, and to hear her say, "I've been roaming, I've been roaming." She will be welcomed "back again" with enthusiasm and delight.

FOR THE NEW-YORK LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE BELLES OF THE NORTH.

Welcome to our southern shore!

Canada girls! Canada girls!

As welcome as I was heretofore
Where St. Lawrence's rapids roar,—
And hope to be again once more,

Canada girls.

You've come to the spring of a warmer year,

Canada girls! Canada girls!

And you'll find there are bosoms as friendly
here;

For the Pole is far and the Sun is near,
And milder the air and the blood is freer,

Canada girls!

Your hearts be true as your eyes are bright;

Canada girls! Canada girls!

Your future days, as your steps, be light;
With as a little to mourn as with me to night
There seems, in the world, while ye've in
sight,

Canada girls!

I've heard of your beauty in distant lands,

Canada girls! Canada girls!

—Of your sparkling eyes and your lilly
hands—

—Where'er the sun his light extends
Ten minutes a day, to fame he commends,
Canada girls.

Fair foes! We've misconstrued the fates*—

Canada girls! Canada girls!

Still, Freedom for your country waits,
And vict'ry's ours with you for mates—
—We'll go and bring you home on skates,
Canada girls!

* This refers to the half-traditional impression, long current among us, that the Canadians were destined to be free. Circumstances attending the late war almost discredited this belief. It was left for poetry to substantiate it, and at the same time to reconcile it with the preservation of the Eagle of victory on our side.

With our twenty-sixth number, our readers will be furnished with a title page and index for the current year of the *Gazette* and *Athenæum*. We are busily engaged in making the extensive preparations necessary for the "Morning Chronicle." The public may rest assured that nothing shall be wanting in industry and attention on the part of the Editors, to make the merits of the *Chronicle* commensurate with the powerful patronage which already is secured to it.

THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

The undersigned purpose issuing a daily morning journal, under the above title, to be devoted to Commerce, Literature, and Politics.—It will be commenced on the first day of March, printed on the largest size sheet of paper, of a superior quality to any now in use in this city. Its contents will be classed under appropriate heads, in such manner as to enable its readers to refer to subjects on which they may desire information without difficulty, as follows:

FIRST PAGE.

1st Head.—Packets, Steamboats, and Stages, and all the principal post-routes, with prices, time of arrival and departure in the United States; to which will be added the bank note tables and money currency.

2d.—The shipping advertisements.

3d.—The Literary and Miscellaneous departments, embracing the fashions and general amusements of the day.

SECOND PAGE.

1st Head.—Ship news, Commercial intelligence, and all news or discussions of interest to the Mercantile community.

2d.—Domestic intelligence, national and

local politics; reports of proceedings in the national and state legislatures, and in the Common Council; of cases in the Police, in courts of Oyer and Terminer, Sessions, &c.

3d.—Advertising notices for the day.

THIRD PAGE.

1st Head.—Mercantile advertisements, to be classed by articles in alphabetical order; containing article, name, and place, in one line; forming a brief directory for the convenience of purchasers.

2d.—Review of the market: sales of principal articles the day previous, and quantity remaining on hand.

3d.—Auction Sales.

FOURTH PAGE.

1st Head.—Lottery advertisements.

2d.—Mechanics and Miscellaneous.

3d.—Insurance advertisements and official notices.

4th.—List of Subscribers to the paper, who are men of business, with their residence and occupation.

A semi-weekly paper will be issued from the same office, which will contain all articles from the daily *Journal* that may be thought interesting, with additions useful to the politician, the agriculturist, and the manufacturers.

Arrangement of the principal departments. Mr. Roberts will take charge of the Political, Mr. Baldwin of the Commercial, and Mr. Brooks of the Literary. Each department to be exclusively under the management and control of the person to whom it is assigned. A merchant, educated to, and familiar with, the general pursuits of his profession, is engaged, and will devote his time to the Reviews of the Market, and an experienced reporter will be constantly employed.

Location and arrangement of offices.—There will be two Bulletin and business offices opened. One for the accommodation of the lower part of the city, in the vicinity of the New Exchange, and the other for the accommodation of the citizens of the upper part, in the neighbourhood of Chatham-square. At each office will be kept an Advertising Leger, in which the seller can record the articles he may have on hand, and the purchaser refer for information.

Terms.—Daily paper 10 dollars per annum, payable quarterly: yearly advertisers 40 dollars. Country paper 4 dollars, payable in advance, or 5 dollars half yearly; yearly advertisers in the semi-weekly paper 25 dollars. For all other advertising or business transactions a table of prices will be regulated at the offices, and all advertise-

ments not yearly must be paid for before inserted.

ELIJAH J. ROBERTS,
Late Editor of the N. Y. National Advocate.
CHARLES N. BALDWIN,
Late Editor of the Republican Chronicle,
and Scrutinizer.
JAMES G. BROOKS,
Editor of the Literary Gazette.

New-York, Feb. 7, 1827.

N. B.—Subscription papers may be returned to Tammany Hall until our offices are arranged. Our friends will confer a favour by sending in their lists by the 25th of February.

MISCELLANY.

We take the following amusing article from the Boston Spectator:

Mensis Mirabilis; or the Wonders of the Month of January, 1827.

The old year having finished his course, to the satisfaction of some, and sorrow of others, quietly departs this life at the advanced age of 365 days. Great concourse attends the funeral—principal mourners, superannuated dandies, and languishing vestals 'of a certain age.' Increased inquiry after false teeth, false curls, glass eyes, stuffed hips, Mrs. Cantello, Rowland's macassar, and rouge. Reign of new-year ushered in with a *feu de joie* of carrier's addresses and lamp-lighters' petitions. Great contest for places in 'poet's corner' of newspapers. Fears entertained that new year will be smothered by an accumulation of sonnets, odes, &c.; others predict that it will be frozen to death from the difficulty of kindling Lehigh coal fires—fortunately escaped unhurt from both. Much excitement among rising generation, on the subject of new year's presents—happy times among booksellers and toy venders. Atlantic Souvenirs and Memorials in great demand among enamoured swains—consequent joyful anticipations among misses in her teens—countenances of both rendered very blank on account of high prices. Sitting for portraits, all the rage—wonderful display of talents among the painters in catching the *angelic features* of blowsy Miss A. silly Mrs. B. and ugly Mrs. C. Amazing liberality of fashionable society of 'Literary Emporium,' in sitting for portraits without demanding payment therefor of the artists. Lots of balls—very difficult for 'exquisites' to remember whose rout they attended last. Little red riding hoods and India rubber over-shoes highly recommended by mantua makers and shoe dealers—mem.: the only fashions on record, combining regard for health and disregard for appearance—strong suspicions they won't last long. A custom arisen among young ladies of embracing in public, when separating after balls, &c.;

ought to be abolished by act of legislature, as tending to excite young men to commit breaches of the peace. Miss — hooted out of society for introducing an unfashionable subject for conversation, viz: 'whether a lady is entitled to commendation for intellectual superiority,* Much debate among the bucks, as to who was the *belle* at Labasse's last hop—Miss Mug objected to, because it is evident from her eccentric manners, that she is *cracked*—Miss Jug do. because her *tongue* is too large—Miss Jig do. because she *sounds hollow*—Miss Rig do. because her only object is a *ring*. Query---a wedding ring? A vote taken on the subject---decided by the casting vote of the moderator, that whereas Miss Plug has *nearly* as much sense as *sound*, that she be considered the *belle*. The following question proposed by a disappointed member of the minority, for discussion at the next meeting: 'Why is Mr. Moderator like a *bell rope*?' Decision---because he is *attached* to *Miss Plug*. Providence propitious to the prayers of hourly coach owners and stable keepers, in spite of remonstrances from the society of horses and street walkers. Snow shovels in great demand. Powerful out-pouring of the spirit at Earl's Coffee House, Hanover Street, and the parts adjacent. Much attention to the state of the *sole* manifested in these slippery times. The market overstocked with chill-blains and chilled chins. Query---what has become of chinchilli caps? Cerulean hue of ladies' eyes transferred to their noses. Fire in Market Street, supposed to have been the work of an incendiary---rat, to keep himself from freezing. Mr. Timothy Twaddle, President of the Society for the promotion of Intemperance, found dead [drunk] in the street; verdict of coroner's jury that he came to his death by accidentally catching a drop of cold water in his mouth, as he was *ssin g* under the eaves of Old South. Some doubt whether the new certificate of Philo Judson, pastor of the church in Ashford, (Con.) which has been daily and generously laid before the public ever since Sept. 5th, 1824, attesting the sovereign efficacy of Anderson's Cough Drops in all disorders of the human frame, will not be laid on the table after the present month. (Notice to apothecaries: The subscriber will furnish certificates, bran new and applicable to all patent medicines, in lots to suit purchasers at the moderate price of one shilling each—no cure, no pay. N. B. A liberal discount to country dealers.) Our harbour, completely embargoed by

* For the benefit of young collegians, and misses not yet 'brought out,' we subjoin a list of topics for discussion in genteel company--all others are prohibited. 1st. The weather. 2d. The last ball. 3d. The theatre. 4th. Sir Walter's last. 5th. (Introduced the present season,) Alexander's paintings. 6th. Warm Whiskey punch.

ice; great outcry against the administration in consequence—opposition Quidnunes think it is the natural precursor of war with Europe—others consider it a just retaliation upon Great Britain for closing her colonial ports. A combination of radicals to remove the embargo by main force, attend with partial success. South End and South Boston still shut up—a petition filed by the South Enders in the Supreme Court at Washington, praying for an injunction against the formation of any more ice, because it is a violation of the national sovereignty over tide waters. Also another petition presented to the State Legislature, praying for indemnity for obstruction to navigation by the ice—referred to the Spring session of General Court—petitioners directed to furnish evidence of the number of vessels which usually arrive at the South End between the months of October and March annually—expected they will ask leave to withdraw. A bill introduced into the General Assembly, New-York, to withdraw the tax on dogs and levy it on batchelors—a great stir produced among that ancient fraternity. Query---what induces such an antipathy in married men, to those who are so fortunate as to have escaped the noose? Ans.---misery loves company. Bank-notes and side-walks particularly slippery things. Several slips among the young misses, and numerous back-sliders among those of a guess-atable age. The Hon. Mr. Blank likewise slipped in Ann street---the gentleman whom he caught hold of to prevent falling, looked sour. The Hon. Mr. B. apologised in two lines from Shakspeare;

'He who stands on a slippery place
Makes no nice of no vile stay to hold him up.'

Query—When will the duel be fought and where? It is confidently expected among the learned, that the marvels of February will all happen between the last day of January and the first day of March. Q. T. L.

Harder, where there's None.—A Collegian was once dining, during the vacation, with a party of young friends, upon beef steaks. In the course of the meal, one of the party said they were hard, and was immediately answered by another, "It is much harder where there are none." This joke pleased the collegian so much, that he determined to seize the first opportunity of repeating it. For this purpose he waited anxiously for two months, after his return to his studies. One morning early, as he was leaning out of the window, enjoying the keen and invigorating November air, a countryman passed, and observing him, said, "Good morning, sir; it is a *hard frost* this morning." The youth thought this too excellent an opportunity to be omitted, therefore ex-

ultingly exclaimed. "*Harder where there's none!*"

An ingenious expedient of Messer Scacazzone for obtaining a dinner.

Scacazzone, returning one day from Rome, found himself, when within a short distance of Sienna, without cash enough to purchase a dinner. But, resolving not to go without one if he could avoid it, he very quietly walked into the nearest inn, and, appearing quite a stranger, he demanded a room in which to dine alone. He next ordered whatever he considered most likely to prove agreeable to himself, without in the least sparing his purse, as the good host believed, and eat and drank every thing of the best. When he had at length finished his wine, and refreshed himself with a short nap for his journey, he rang the bell, and with a very unconcerned air, asked the waiter for his bill. This being handed to him, "Waiter," he cried, "can you tell me any thing relating to the laws of this place?" "Oh, yes, signor,—I dare say;" for a waiter is never at a loss. "For instance," continued Scacazzone, "what does a man forfeit by killing another?" "His life, signor, certainly," said the waiter. "But if he only wounds another badly, not mortally, what then?" "Then," returned the waiter, "as it may happen, according to the nature of the provocation and the injury." "And lastly," continued the guest, "if you only deal a fellow a sound box upon the year, what do you pay for that?" "For that," echoed the waiter, "It is here about ten livres, signor; no more." "Then send your master to me," cried Scacazzone, "be quick, begone!" Upon the good host's appearance, his wily guest conducted himself in such a manner, uttering such accusations against extortion, such threats, and such vile aspersions upon his host's house, that, on Scacazzone purposely bringing their heads pretty close in contact, the landlord, unable longer to bear his taunts, lent him rather a severe cuff. "I am truly obliged to you," cried the happy Scacazzone, taking him by the hand, "this is all I wanted with you; truly obliged to you, my good host, and will thank you for the change. Your bill here is eight livres, and the fine upon your assault is ten; however, if you will have the goodness to pay the difference to the waiter, as I find I shall reach the city very pleasantly before evening, it will be quite right."

Gustavus III.—When Gustavus the Third, King of Sweden, was in France, he was frequently solicited to visit Dr. Franklin, which he always declined. One of the French guards, who could use a little freedom with his Majesty, begged to know why he denied

himself an honour which every crowned head in Europe would be glad to embrace? "No man," said the monarch, "regards the doctor's scientific accomplishments more than I do; but the king, who affects to like an enthusiast for liberty, is a hypocrite. As a philosopher, I love and admire the doctor; but as a politician, I hate him; and nothing shall ever induce me to appear on terms of friendship and personal esteem, with a man whom my habits and situation oblige me to detest."

An example for bungling Lawyers.—Chamillart, comptroller-general of the finances in the reign of Louis XIV., had been a celebrated pleader. He once was lost a cause in which he concerned, through his excessive fondness for billiards. His client called on him the day after, in extreme affliction, and told him, that if he had made use of a document which had been put into his hands, but which he had neglected to examine, a verdict must have been given in his favour. Chamillart read it, and found it of decisive importance to his cause. "You sued the defendant said he for 20,000 livres. You have failed by my inadvertence. It is my duty to do you justice. Call on me in two days." In the mean time, Chamillart procured the money, and paid it to his client, on no other condition, than he would keep the transaction secret.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

On a high steep promontory, called Ladder Hill, upon the island of St. Helena, the height of which cannot be much less than eight hundred feet, an extraordinary accident happened to a Dutch sailor, in 1750. This man coming out of the country after dark, and being in liquor, mistook the path then in use, and turned to the left, instead of the right; he continued his journey with great difficulty, till finding the descent no longer practicable, he took up his residence for the night in a chink of the rock, and fell asleep. Late in the morning he waked, and what was his horror and astonishment to find himself on the brink of a precipice one hundred fathoms deep! he attempted to return back, but found it impossible to climb the crags he had descended.

After having passed several hours in this dreadful situation, he discovered some boys on the beach at the foot of the precipice, bathing in the sea; hope of relief made him exert his voice to the utmost, but he had the mortification to find that the distance prevented his being heard.

He then threw one of his shoes towards them, but it unfortunately fell without being perceived. He threw the other and was more fortunate; for it fell at the feet of one of the boys who was just coming out of the

water; the youth looked up, and with great surprise, saw the poor Dutchman waving his hat, and making other signs of distress.

They hastened to the town, and telling what they had seen, great numbers of people ran to the heights over head, from whence they could see the man, but where nevertheless at a loss how to save him. At last a coil of strong rope was procured, and one end being fastened above, the other was reeved down over the place where he stood. The sailor instantly laid hold of it, and with an agility peculiar to people of his profession, in a little time gained the summit.

As soon as he found himself safe, he produced an instance of provident carefulness truly Dutch, by pulling out of his bosom a China punch bowl, which in all his distress he had taken care to preserve unbroken, though the latter must have alarmed the children at once by its noise, and the shoes must have left him to starve, if they had not fallen in sight.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

INTOXICATION.

A simple remedy has been discovered, which effectually cures habitual drunkards and tipplers, and renders them totally adverse to spirituous potations in any shape. A considerable number, who have derived lasting benefit from the medicine offered, stand ready to corroborate, with the most conclusive testimony, what is here publicly avowed, with regard to the efficacy of the remedy. Their names will hereafter be deposited with the editor, to whom in due season, reference will be made, leaving to his delicacy and discretion to communicate them to those who may apply for information, or to state the facts concerning their former habits. This remedy will be administered gratis to those who are in indigent circumstances.

All orders, post-paid, will be promptly attended to, by addressing the application to Dr. Chambers, Agent, at the Medical Store, at the corner of Broadway and Broome-street, New-York, where the medicine is sold. Jan 13.

BOOK BINDING.

THE subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that he still continues the Book Binding Business, in all its various branches, at No. 33 Cross-street, where all who favour him with a call may rest assured their work shall be executed with neatness and despatch.

Blank Books ruled and bound, and warranted to be equal to any in the city.

A general assortment of Blank Books for sale.

JOHN H. MINUSE.

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Music Books, gentlemen's libraries, old books, and publications, bound to any pattern, and at the shortest notice. July 1

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